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Other Bridesmaid (sister to the bride): NO, SHE SENT ONLY A PICKLE FORK !

Eden

That fine, exclusive brand of
Imported Cigar

that took the Gold Medal
at the Paris Exposition, 1900

*We have now been appointed to make the cigars for
the Official and Royal Banquets at the Coronation
of H.M. King Edward VII. of Great Britain.*

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By **HERMAN K. VIELÉ**

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"Miss Daskam has a keen sense of humor, a light touch of delineation, and a fine apparently brimming with ideas."—*Boston Home Journal*.

Illustrated by **F. Y. Cory**

\$1.50

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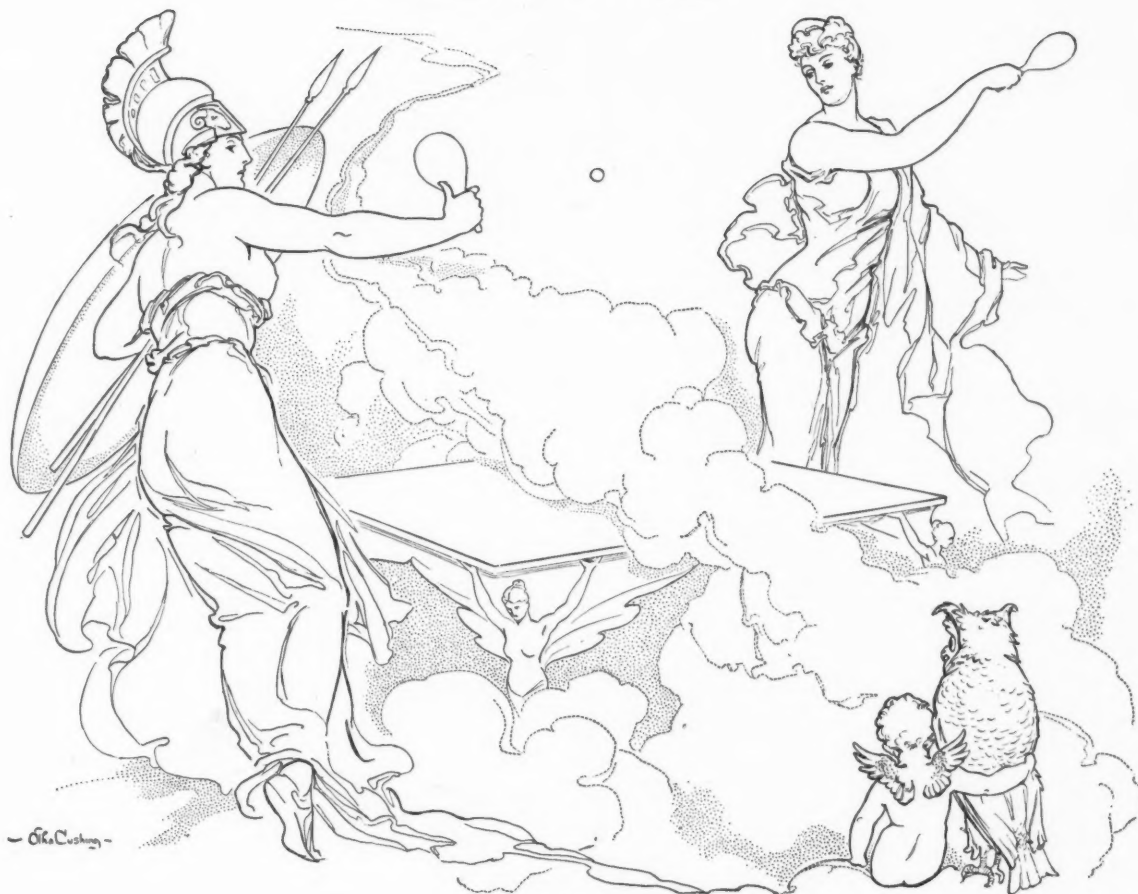
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Agents in every town; or write for interesting literature.

The Travelers Insurance Co.
Hartford, Conn.

(Founded 1863.)



PALLAS PLAYS PING-PONG.

The Owl: SAKES ALIVE! I DO BELIEVE YOUR AUNT MINNIE WILL BEAT YOUR MOTHER A *love* GAME!
Cupid: HUH! SHE'LL BE THE FIRST THAT EVER DID.

Geography Lesson.

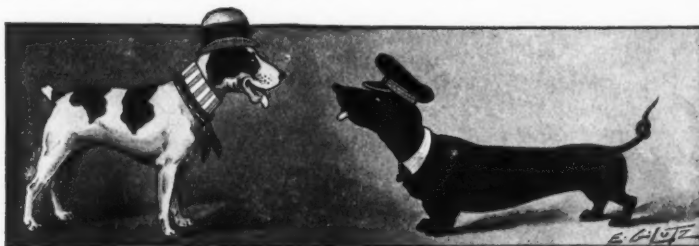
"PAPA, what is a marriage in high life?"

"Two vacant hearts entirely surrounded by cash."

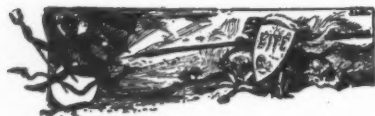
IDEAS are limited in number; facts are innumerable.

"EVERY Napoleon has had his Waterloo."

"Yes. And every Republic its Manila."



Fox-terrier: HELLO, DUTCHY! WHAT'S THAT KNOT IN YOUR TAIL FOR?
"DUTCHY": TO REMIND ME TO GET SOMEDINGS FOR MINE WIFE."
"GEE! I CAN'T DO THAT WITH MY TAIL. GUESS THAT'S WHY I'M SO FORGETFUL."



"While there is Life there's Hope."
VOL. XXXIX. JUNE 12, 1902. No. 1024.
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THERE is a Republican paper in Des Moines, Iowa, called the *State Register*, which calls Senator Hoar's late speech on the Philippines "vicious treason," and feels that its author "is a still meaner traitor than Benedict Arnold." Its views are only quoted because they constitute a literary curiosity. Almost universally Senator Hoar's great speech has been received with respect, and has won the sympathy even of those who disagreed with its conclusions. There is no prospect that it will have an immediate effect on legislation. The Philippine Government bill, still pending at this writing, will doubtless be passed, and may be expected to improve conditions in the Philippines. It provides for the spread of civil government, and has been devised by men who have the strongest party reasons to labor and take thought to put the Philippines in a better case. Nevertheless, the venerable Senator from Massachusetts has not spoken in vain. In him the conscience and the compunctions of the country have found a voice. What was expedient, what was legal, what was "necessary," what was "inevitable" for us to do in the Philippines has been threshed out over and over again. Senator Hoar discussed what was

right, and what course best accorded with American principles and our country's past. He spoke for no party. His speech was to the whole country and for the whole country, and it was of such a nature as to appeal hardly less to good men who are trying to make the best of a policy it assailed, than to good men who disapprove that policy. Whatever measures are taken in the Philippines, the spirit that is behind those measures is a vital matter. If the spirit is right; if the ultimate intention is really sound and can be kept sound, the processes by which that intention is worked out can be amended as events suggest and permit. Senator Hoar's chief service seems to be that he has put consideration and discussion of the Philippines problem on a higher plane. We have been told to repletion that the islands are rich, that we can find a profit in them, that our title was bought and paid for, that our flag ought not to come down. Senator Hoar has paid little attention to any of those things. He said: "We have done thus and so, with such and such deplorable results. Thus said the Fathers! Thus saith the Lord!" That we should keep the political faith of our fathers, that we should make righteousness and liberty prevail, for that, and for no less, and for nothing else has the old man spoken. The facts that he set forth, whether they are new-made history or old, are true. His comparisons between the Cubans and the Filipinos are, perhaps, disputable; his general conclusions are of course debatable, but his spirit is above all jibe or disparagement.



TO Senator Hoar and to the labors of the Senate Committee on the Philippines we are doubtless indebted in considerable measure for the speech the President made on Memorial Day at Arlington. It was partly a defense of the work of our army in the Philippines; partly a declaration of our purposes in those islands. There was nothing in it about hemp or lumber, nothing about never hauling down the flag, nothing about the legality of our title, and very little about trade. We

are in those islands, the President said, to bring peace, order and freedom. "When the Filipinos have shown their capacity for real freedom by their power of self-government, then, and not till then, it will be possible to decide whether they are to exist independently of us, or be knit to us by ties of common friendship and interest." Those are good words. The spirit of them is sound.



THE worms in these parts show a disposition to turn upon the automobilists. The other day a man who hit an automobilist between the eyes with a lump of dirt in the course of discussion was justified by the police justice before whom he was brought as having behaved in a reasonable manner, considering the circumstances. A well-known automobilist, who was proceeding on his engine with his wife through one of the east side streets, was set upon by hoodlums, who threw missiles, one of which, sad to say, hurt the lady. One hoodlum was caught and locked up. Some person unknown sent one hundred and ten dollars to the police station next morning to bail him out. The feeling of this anonymous capitalist was that the automobilists are public enemies, and that for boys to assault them was justifiable retaliation.

That is not a sound position. There are a number—a pretty large number—of automobilists who ought to be in jail, but the majority of them are doubtless decent people who respect the lives and rights of others. It would by no means do to deny them the protection of the law. All the same, they may be the wiser for an occasional reminder that they, too, are human, that they are entitled to no more than their share of the earth, and that the other humans have mundane rights and are disposed to stand up for them.

A Chicago paper warns the "chauffeurs" of that city to bear strictly in mind that "the first person run over and killed in this town by an automobile will be the last one." Is it possible that in the great city of Chicago no one has yet been killed by an automobile? It seems incredible.

A Question of Policy.

WE have left Cuba to the Cubans, and in doing that we have exhibited ourselves in an aspect as unique as it is exalted. But in the matter of the Philippines, we do not rise above the rabble of mere conquerors—the Assyrians, the Romans, the Turks, the British et al.

Which is likely to win us the larger distinction, the policy of Christian magnanimity, or the policy of heathen greed?

THIS talk of the superiority of the small college is very surprising.

In small colleges, professors have almost always to double in brass, so to speak.

For example, the professor who teaches biology has also, as likely as not, to lecture on Kantian transcendentalism, to say nothing of coaching the football team afternoons.

Of course, when he gets through at night he is too tired to think up any such perfectly killing things as professors in the University of Chicago, or other great institutions of learning, are all the time saying.

Anybody who reads newspapers knows that the opinions expressed by professors in small colleges do not begin to be as sensational as the opinions expressed by professors in large colleges.

“DO you think that all the world loves a lover?”
“Well, not exactly. But all the tradespeople do.”



The Donk: YOU'RE GETTING INTO FINE SHAPE FOR '94, AREN'T YOU? JUST KEEP THIS UP AND IT WILL BE A WALKOVER FOR ME.

Legs.

“Straight and round as columns, the legs of King Edward VII, would have graced the figure of William the Conqueror.”—*London Letter.*

BUT why rub it in?

The wretched incident of Governor Hogg and the knee pants is mortifying enough without having the wound opened afresh. We know only too well that nothing makes for legs like monarchic institutions; let our exterior gayety deceive nobody into thinking we do not know; there is no reason to remind us of our limitations, lest we forget.

Presumably it is thoughtlessly that our cousins crow over us in this way. It is all but unthinkable, indeed, that any studied affront should be offered to a people who are not only of kindred blood, but are paying about twice as much for seats commanding a view of the coronation processions as anybody else would pay.

Startling.

STRAWBER: Did anything happen while I was out, James?

JAMES: Yes, sir. No one called to collect a bill.



The Sea Serpent (indignantly): WHAT ARE ALL THESE EMPTY BOTTLES DOING ON THE BEACH?

The Lobster: OH! YOU NEEDN'T KICK. IF BOTTLES WERE NEVER EMPTIED YOU WOULD CEASE TO EXIST.

LIFE'S GUIDE TO SUMMER READING.



FOR the convenience of its readers, LIFE presents a list of some of the best books published during the past year.

These books have been arranged in classes, so that those who wish merely to be amused can turn to the fiction of the lightest kind, while those who wish a deeper touch will turn to the character novels. Still another

list contains the more serious books.

This list does not aim to be comprehensive. A number of books have been omitted, which no doubt, in the opinion of some of our readers, should have a place here. Quite a number of books that have been prominent during the past twelve months are also left out, because they were published previous to June, 1901, and were included in LIFE's list of last year.

GOOD NOVELS. SOME OF THE YEAR'S BEST EXAMPLES OF LITERARY SKILL IN THE DELINEATION OF HUMAN CHARACTER.

The Benefactress. By the author of *Elizabeth and Her German Garden.* (The Macmillan Company.)

Circumstance. By S. Weir Mitchell. (The Century Company.)

The Captain of the Gray Horse Troop. By Hamlin Garland. (Harper and Brothers.)

Audrey. By Mary Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin and Company.)

Doom Castle. By Neil Munro. (Doubleday, Page and Company.)

Forest Folk. By James Prior. (Dodd, Mead and Company.)

Henry Bowland. By Albert Elmer Hancock. (The Macmillan Company.)

The History of Sir Richard Calmady. By Lucas Malet. (Dodd, Mead and Company.)

Lazarre. By Mary Hartwell Catherwood. (The Bowen-Merrill Company.)

The Lion's Whelp. By Amelia E. Barr. (Dodd, Mead and Company.)

Kim. By Rudyard Kipling. (Doubleday, Page and Company.)

Margaret Warrener. By Alice Brown. (Houghton, Mifflin and Company.)

Our Friend the Charlatan. By George Gissing. (Henry Holt and Company.)

The Right of Way. By Gilbert Parker. (Harper and Brothers.)

St. Nazarius. By A. C. Farquharson. (The Macmillan Company.)

Tristram of Blent. By Anthony Hope. (McClure, Phillips and Company.)

The Valley of Decision. By Edith Wharton. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

The Winding Road. By Elizabeth Godfrey. (Henry Holt and Company.)

A Drone and a Dreamer. By Nelson Lloyd. (J. F. Taylor and Company.)

The Garden of a Commuter's Wife. By "The Gardener." (The Macmillan Company.)

A Journey to Nature. By J. P. Mowbray. (Doubleday, Page and Company.)

The Battleground. By Ellen Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page and Company.)

Jack Raymond. By E. L. Voynich. (J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.)

FICTION OF A LIGHTER BUILD, EASIER TO READ AND EASIER TO FORGET. INTERESTING PLOTS, PRETTY LOVE STORIES AND CLEVER SATIRE.

The Aristocrats. By Gertrude Atherton. (John Lane.)

The American Husband in Paris. By Anna Bowman Dodd. (Little, Brown and Company.)

The Beau's Comedy. By Beulah Marie Dix and Carrie A. Harper. (Harper and Brothers.)

Cardigan. By Robert W. Chambers. (Harper and Brothers.)

The Firebrand. By S. R. Crockett. (McClure, Phillips and Company.)

The Mills of God. By Elinor McCartney Lane. (D. Appleton and Company.)

Calumet "K." By Merwin Webster. (The Macmillan Company.)

The Misdemeanors of Nancy. By Eleanor Hoyt. (Doubleday, Page and Company.)

The Velvet Glove. By Henry Seton Merriman. (Dodd, Mead and Company.)

Mark Everard. By Knox Magee. (R. F. Fenno and Company.)

The Second Generation. By James Weber Linn. (The Macmillan Company.)

The Colonials. By Allan French. (Doubleday, Page and Company.)

The Last of the Knickerbockers. By Herman K. Vielé. (H. S. Stone and Company.)

Patricia of the Hills. By Charles Kennet Barrow. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

GOOD SHORT STORIES.

The God of His Fathers. By Jack London. (McClure, Phillips and Company.)

Held for Orders. By Frank R. Spearman. (McClure, Phillips and Company.)

Crucial Instances. By Edith Wharton. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

Light Freights. By W. W. Jacobs. (Dodd, Mead and Company.)

The Madness of Philip. By Josephine Dodge Daskam. (McClure, Phillips and Company.)

Wall Street Stories. By Edwin Leffevre. (McClure, Phillips and Company.)

SOME MORE SERIOUS READING FOR THOUGHTFUL MOMENTS.

The Making of an American. By Jacob A. Riis. (The Macmillan Company.)

Peter Abelard. By Joseph McCabe. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

James Russell Lowell. By Horace Elisha Scudder. (Houghton, Mifflin and Company.)

Commonwealth or Empire. By Goldwin Smith. (The Macmillan Company.)

Democracy and Social Ethics. By Jane Addams. (The Macmillan Company.)

The Evolution of Immortality. By S. D. McConnell. (The Macmillan Company.)

Therapeutic.

"THIS restless, aggressive feeling!" exclaimed the Anglo-Saxon.

"I must take something for it! Your territory would be good, I doubt not!"

"What's the matter with our measure?" insinuated the heathen, massing his Krupps and Creusots.

The Anglo-Saxon was struck with the suggestion, and acted on it, quite wisely, as it proved, for when he had taken the heathen's measure, his restless, aggressive feeling was much relieved.

"I'VE got an invention to make the tunnel endurable."

"Is it any good?"

"Between you and me, no, but it's cheap."

"Then step into the president's office."

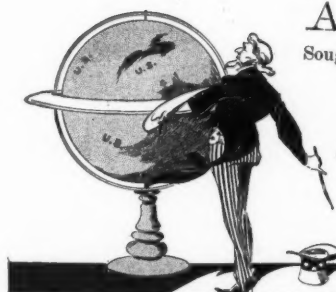
A Matter of Business.

THE street railway directors finally voted to have the cars fumigated.

"It is some expense," they explained, in a circular addressed to the stockholders, "but we cannot afford to be carrying disease germs gratis during the busy summer season."

Our Inheritance.

A SONG OF EXPANSION.



AN exile band of pilgrims brave, three centuries ago,
Sought peace and freedom for their faith in a
land of ice and snow.
This creed inspired the prayers that rose
from every storm-bound hearth:
"Blessed are the meek, for they shall
inherit the earth."

Three centuries ago! To-day, before,
a wondering world,
We stand beneath the stars and
stripes triumphantly unfurled,
No longer uttering words once

heard in time of dread and dearth,
"Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth."

We read of woe in distant lands, of famine and distress,
But nought reck we of others' loss, our wealth is none the less,
And as our flag moves proudly on, we cry with boisterous mirth,
"The weakest to the wall! The strong shall inherit the earth."

We've thundered it from battle-ships, our storms of leaden hail
Through broken ranks of dark-skinned men have left a bloody
trail;

Our might is known by the land we own, the billions we are worth,
We are the greatest nation, we shall inherit the earth!

But hark, a Voice!—shall we heed it?—from the far-off days of
old,

A Voice from those whose riches lay in neither land nor gold—
The simple creed of the stalwart band which gave our nation birth,
"Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth."

Willis Boyd Allen.



A POSTPONEMENT.

He: WOULD YOU MIND WAITING AN HOUR OR SO BEFORE
WE HAVE THAT DANCE?

She: WHAT FOR?

"WELL, I NEVER HAVE ANY CONFIDENCE IN MY DANCING
UNTIL I HAVE HAD THREE OR FOUR QUARTS OF WINE."

Ingratitude.

THE report that Kaiser Wilhelm is
wavering in his theology will trouble
the pious, suggesting as it does nothing
less than that the zweibund hitherto
existing between the God of Abraham, the God
of Isaac and the God of Jacob, party of the first
part, and his Majesty of Germany, party of the
second part, has been, or is to be, dissolved.

Wilhelm is clearly under obligation to be
orthodox. For an anointed prince, ruling by
divine right, to flirt with the higher criticism,
is very like ingratitude.

It is the Old Testament Jehovah, the Jeho-
vah who preserved Jonah in the whale's belly,
the Jehovah who sent down fire at the call of
Elijah to confound the idolatrous Ahab, it is
precisely he who has made Herr Hohenzollern
a king. Would the God of the higher critics
do as much for him?

It is not likely.



CANDIDATES FOR LIFE'S FRESH AIR FARM.

YACHTING IN THE CITY.



TWENTIETH CENTURY CRUSADERS.

Medical Notes.

(AS THEY OUGHT TO BE.)

From the *Ideal Medical Gazette*.

THE recent smallpox scare is on the wane. Quite a number of new cases are reported each day, but the newspapers are not printing as much about it as they did.

Several papers have recently commented on the fact that there have been so many instances of young ambulance surgeons who have mistaken heart disease or apoplexy, on the part of those whom they have found stricken down, and by erroneously calling the

case a "plain drunk," have not only lost the patient's life, but cast a stigma over his name. It must be remembered, however, that it is a time-honored custom to employ in this important work only those raw medical students who are entirely ignorant of the practice of surgery or medicine, and this is the best and cheapest way that they can learn. If lives are lost through their errors, it is only that they may learn enough to know better next time.

We regret to say that up to date the various operations for removing the stomach have not been successful. Just as everything seemed most favorable, the patient would invariably die. This, however, should not deter members of the medical profession from persevering. Should any doctor succeed in keeping alive a stomachless patient for even six months or a year, his reputation would be made.

In a paper recently read before the Medical Congress at Prague, Dr. Hambolt pointed out very conclusively just what the duties of a specialist should be. The reputation of a specialist, he insisted, is measured by the size of the fees which he is able to collect,

just as much as by the operations he performs. Every doctor should read this able paper.

A correspondent writes to know the difference between a sanitarium and a sanitorium.

Answer: From twenty-five to one hundred dollars a week.

A bill of one hundred and ninety thousand dollars, brought by a Western doctor against the estate of one of his wealthiest patients, is thought to be excessive by the executors. They seem to think the claim is much more aggravated by the fact that the patient died while under the doctor's care, and that as a matter of honor he should have been less grasping. Suppose that all physicians who lost patients should consult their consciences before sending in their bills. Why, they wouldn't make a living.

Life's College Contest.

THE announcement of the winner of LIFE's College Contest for the month of May will be made in the next issue of LIFE. The contest will be continued until further notice, a prize of Twenty-five Dollars being awarded under the conditions which will be found elsewhere in this paper.

Making Dates for This Season's Appearances.

OFFICE OF THE MARINE AMUSEMENT CO.,
Unfathomed Caves of Ocean,

4 June, 1902.

Manager Sea View House
Bar Harbor, Me.

Dear Sir:

In reply to your favor of recent date I hasten to say that I am now making engagements for the second week in August; it would thus be impossible for me to appear in your Bay before that time. I trust that a season in August may be satisfactory to you; in July I am to give several performances upon your coast some degrees south of you, and do not favor long jumps.

My rates are as follows:

Season of one (1) week, 2 performances.....	\$ 500
Season of two (2) weeks, 3 performances	1,200
Liberal reduction for longer periods.	

EXTRAS.

Chasing rowboat.....	\$200
Driving bathers from surf.....	500

Hoping that I may serve you, believe me to be,

My Dear Sir,

Yours Coilfully,

Dic. S. P.

SEASER PENT.

Not Her Forte.

"SHE says she would like to get away somewhere where she would have time to think."

"Well, I always feared she wasn't cut out for a society girl."



MAKING DATES FOR THIS SEASON'S APPEARANCES.
(See previous page.)



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ALAS! THE VOICE OF HI



VOICE OF HIS FIANCÉE.

Ballade of Stored Furniture.

"Behind the iron doors, which in the New York warehouses must number hundreds of thousands, and throughout all our other cities, millions, the furniture of a myriad households is stored—the effects of people who have gone to Europe, or broken up housekeeping provisionally or definitively, or have died, or been divorced. They are the dead bones of Homes, or their ghosts, or their yet living bodies held in hypnotic trances, destined again in some future time to animate some house or flat anew."

Mr. Howells in Harper's Magazine.

YEARS ago they were packed away—
Hammered and fastened and nailed up tight,
To lighten the ravage of time's decay;
Stored in the warehouse out of sight.
But these Household Gods, by their ancient right,
Their rule still claim o'er the realm they've lost,
Though we think we've boxed up out of the light
The old dry bones of the Family Ghost.

The chairs are faded and worn and gray—
Queer old things of a monstrous height;
Ethel's piano would sound, to-day,
Tuneless and harsh in its sorry plight.
Tom's rifle scarce would serve in a fight,
Good for a random shot at most,
Eleanor's dolls, Jack's lathe and kite,
The old dry bones of the Family Ghost.

Some time they'll bring them all out, they say,
And set them up again, brave and bright;
So there in the dark they let them stay
In the stupid old room where it's always night.
Fatuous fancy, in truth's despite,
Reckless trust in an empty boast—
Why, the things are dead! They be phantoms quite—
The old dry bones of the Family Ghost.

ENVOI.

Flame of the Gods! in kindness smite,
And end in a blaze the tawdry host;
Lest into their new homes men invite
The old dry bones of the Family Ghost.

McCready Sykes.

WHEN THEY WERE BABIES.



Henry Potter.



Dick Croker.



Joe Choate.



Issy Zangwill.



Tommy Reed.



Joe Jefferson.



Hall Caine.



Ignace Paderewski.



"I HOPE WE'LL GET ALONG TOGETHER ALL RIGHT, CHIEF."

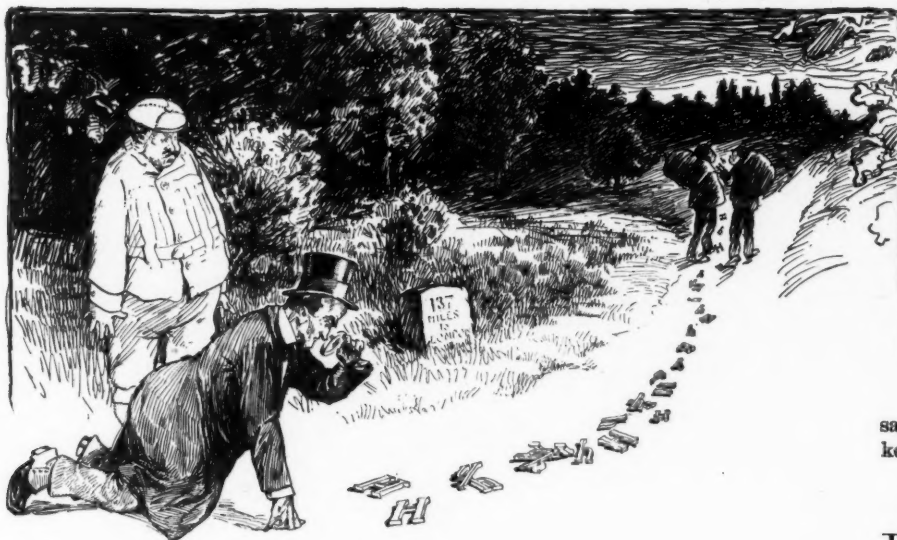
"DON'T YOU WORRY ABOUT THAT, OLD CHAP. I'VE GOT THE DIGESTION OF AN OSTRICH."

How to Make a Camp.

CAMP life, because of its simplicity, is rapidly coming into vogue. Here are a few simple directions:

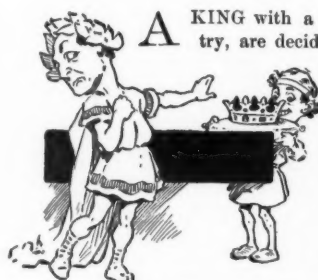
Secure a good forest and a fair-sized lake in some uninhabited region where game abounds, and clear away a tract of three or four acres. This can be made into a fine lawn with a few hundred carloads of imported sod. In the centre erect your buildings. The main building need not be more than three stories high, and can be built of white marble on the outside and white mahogany on the inside. A good living house like this can be put up for about twenty thousand dollars. The servants' quarters should be separate. So should the barn. A boat house can be built on the lake, and a wharf not more than a mile long is desirable. After this, all you need is a windmill for pumping water, an electric light plant, three or four steam launches, an ice house, a bowling alley and a ping pong court. The whole affair need not cost more than one hundred thousand dollars.

MISFORTUNES never come single; sometimes they come married.



S. Herlock Holmes: BE STILL, WATSON. I MUST THINK. THIS SURELY HAS A MEANING. HA-A-A-AH! ONE OF THE THIEVES WAS A COCKNEY—AND HE WAS WALKING SLOWLY AND TALKING FAST.

Solecism.



A KING with a crown is a solecism. Uncrowned kings, such as we have in our country, are decidedly more in keeping with the spirit of the age.

These uncrowned kings are pretty oppressive, in some ways, but they don't assume to regulate the length of the pants of persons who come to see them. Let us but control the price of the people's pants (such is the course of their reasoning) and we care not how long they wear these.

If the English only realized how much nicer it is not to have to knock off work and dress up for a coronation every little while,

they would soon come to our way.

It will be a glad day for us when England ceases to crown her kings. It is not pleasant to be continually under the social or business necessity of compromising our fine republican principles by sending over official representatives.



"CERTAINLY. TAKE IT RIGHT IN WITH YOU."

Casus Belli.

"IT'S the chance of my life to win military renown," said the soldier in the field, inaugurating hostilities.

"We must stand by our man," said the administration at home, voting lives and treasure.

"We must stand by the administration," said the nation, paying the freight.

Moreover, as transpired later, the war extended the blessings of liberty, to say nothing of the new markets it opened.

The Real Thing.

BRIGGS: I can't believe these cigars are imported, old man.

GRIGGS: But they are. They came from New Jersey.



FLAT HUNTING.

Mr. Drake: MADAM, I AM AFRAID THIS PLACE WON'T SUIT. WE MUST HAVE RUNNING WATER FOR THE CHILDREN.

Not His Fault.

"WHAT! Fifty years old and still at it? Has it taken him all this time to sow his wild oats?"

"But he has been living in Philadelphia."



THE PING-PONG RAGE REACHES THE RURAL DISTRICTS.

Life's Dictionary of International Biography. Alphabetically Arranged.

J. PIERPONT MORGAN.

A DEALER in securities and insecurities, at one time influential in politics and a trader in second-hand railroads.

Mr. Morgan began his career in the old days when the United States was a Republic. He was born in the Nutmeg State, but moved to New York soon after the seat of the Government became located in Wall Street. As a boy he was studious and thoughtful, but occasionally gambolled on the green as practice. Before he was fourteen he saved up enough money to buy a small railroad, and with nothing in his pocket but this he journeyed to Washington, where he first met the Senate, and disposing of his property at a profit—not so easy then as now—he came on to the Metropolis and made the Stock Exchange what it is to-day—the proud monument of government by the people, for the people, and

in spite of the people.

Mr. Morgan, although only a poor young man at that time—being only worth ten or twelve millions—had am-

bitions, and even thought of becoming in time as notorious as Marie Corelli or Dr. Parkhurst, but finally determined to take the more humble career of magnate, owing to a fatality that is not always to be avoided.

Thus we see that humility is often an inherent quality of true greatness.

Grover Cleveland, at that time President, one day walked into Mr. Morgan's office and timidly knocked at the inside door.

"Hello, Grover," said Pierpont. "That you? What's the matter now?"

"Look at me," said Grover. "I haven't been able to buy a pair of suspenders for four months. Heaven knows when the ghost will walk again. The Secretary of the Treasury is eating free lunches in the Riggs House, and the Capitol is mortgaged right down to the Senatorial cold tea room. Lend us a few, will you?"

"Sure," said Pierpont. "I'll reorganize all the railroads I can in the next week and send you the proceeds. In the meantime, ship me all the old bonds you have and I'll hold 'em for a rise."

Thus the Steel Trust was possible, and Mr. Morgan hurried to England to buy out Parliament. The members were to be shipped over here in gold cages and exhibited in Central Park free to the Irish vote. But Carnegie said, "No! I'll be true to the old country. Leave 'em alone," Pierpont. If you want British blood, start an American club in London, and let me write books for Americans to read. Thus the balance of power will be preserved."

Mr. Morgan is now resting upon his laurels. Living as he does, with one foot in Pittsburg and the other in the Episcopal Church, surrounded by loving clerks, who sit up





TOO LATE,

"I'LL TEACH YOU TO MAKE LOVE TO MY DAUGHTER!!!!!"
"WHAT'S THE USE? SHE HAS ALREADY TAUGHT ME."

nights waiting for Santa Claus, his mission has been accomplished.

Mr. Morgan's favorite occupations are buying chromos, working his passage across the ocean at bridge, bidding on countries, walking the ties and talking with T. Lawson.

Principal Works—"The Bondsman," "Gold Bricks Without Straw," "The Steal Trust," "The Water Cure," "Combinations I Have Smiled With," "In Many Mergers," etc.

HEAD OF FIRM (to new office boy): Can you do anything else but whistle and loaf?

"Yes, sir. I can play craps."

PROGRESS. Another day—another way.



A NATURAL SEQUENCE.

NAY, DO NOT BLAME THE AGED MAN,
BECAUSE HIS SPEECH IS THICK;
HE'S LOST HIS TEETH, AND SO, YOU SEE,
HE TALKS GUM ARABIC.

• LIFE •



So many Gods, so many Creeds,
So many paths that wind and wind,
When just the Art of being kind
Is what the sad world needs. —*Unidentified.*

A COPY of "Mrs. Hannah Glasse's Cookery Book," emblazoned on the cover with the royal arms, which is said to have belonged to the Princess Royal, the eldest daughter of George III., has been sold for \$50 in Melbourne. As a royal relic it may have been worth that sum, but hardly on its literary merits. "Hannah Glasse" has been rightly described as the "Mrs. Harris" of culinary literature. The book was actually compiled by John Hill, a hard-working eighteenth century hack, who adopted the pseudonym because he thought the work would sell better if the public thought it had been written by a woman. Hill was also a tyro as a physician and a slipshod playwright, a combination that provoked Garrick's stinging epigram:

"For physic and farces, his equal there scarce is,
His farces are physic, his physic a farce is."
—*Buffalo Commercial.*

A NOTED Missouri scrapper died recently, and his admirers raised a monument over his grave bearing these words

"He was always looking for a fight with a man of his size."—*Atchison Globe.*

"You've made a mistake in my bill," said a young man excitedly yesterday to the proprietor of a prominent tailoring house.

"That can't be," asserted the tailor mildly.

"Oh, but it's so," exclaimed the youth in a flurry.

"Look here! Ten dollars too much charged on this bill."

The proprietor compared the bill with his books.

"You're right, Mr. Blank," he admitted. "I'll take ten dollars off, and how much did you say you wanted to pay on account?"

The young man grew red, coughed, and finally produced a five-dollar note.

"That works every time," confided the tailor to an interested bystander, after the customer had departed.

"Nothing brings a man here in such a hurry as to overcharge him on his bill. When a customer gets a little backward and dodges the place, I send him a bill overcharging him. He comes on a rush to have the mistake corrected and a little diplomacy does the rest. Best of all, it doesn't hurt his feelings, as would a visit from a collector."

—*Philadelphia Record.*

DEACON SIMPLE: I suppose you hope to make a convert of Golding?

PARSON BRIGHT: Better than that; I hope to get him to take a pew. He's worth money, they say.

—*Boston Transcript.*

HERE are some answers to questions in examination papers:

What religion had the Britons? A strange and terrible one called religion of the dudes.

What caused the death of Cleopatra? It was because she bit a wasp.

What can you tell of Johnson? He survived Shakespeare in some respects.

What is the spinal column? Bones running all over the body. It is considered dangerous.

Name a domestic animal useful for clothing, and describe its habits. Ox. Doesn't have any habits, because it lives in a stable.

What is the function of the gastric juice? To digest the stomach. —*New York Tribune.*

ONCE when dining quite by chance with Dr. Creighton, the late Bishop of London, at a certain club, Lord Rosebery remarked: "Ah! my Lord Bishop, what a nuisance this dining is! Two things I absolutely dread — a long dinner and a long sermon! I think that a sermon and a dinner, however good either may be, ought never to last more than a quarter of an hour, or twenty minutes at the most."

"Well, well," said Dr. Creighton, musingly, "could we not arrange matters this way, my lord? Knock, say, ten minutes off the sermon, and put it on to the dinner."

—*From Men of the Moment.*

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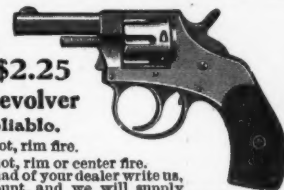
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 "Yes, it's a wise railroad stock that knows its own par."
 —Philadelphia Press.

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THE "water-cure" practice will at least tend to keep the American hobo out of the Philippines.
—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

A GEORGIA man, who has gone to Washington in search of a government job, gives as his qualifications: "I can not only write poetry and novels, but there ain't a government mule that can throw me!"—*Atlanta Constitution*.

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"Please, ma'am, it was Willie Smif. I seen him goin' in the churchyard at recess, ma'am."

—*Chicago Daily News.*

"Well, I never! Katie Potter, you go home 'n' tell your mother I said if she'd wait till I had time t' make it, she could come over 'n' take the cake."—*Philadelphia Bulletin*.

"Be brave, and try to increase your lead!"

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• LIFE •

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Contributions must not be over one hundred and fifty words in length, and may be either verse, joke or episode.

Envelopes should be marked "College Contest."

If in any month no contribution is received which is up to LIFE's standard, the prize for that month will not be awarded.

The decision of the editors of LIFE shall be final.

Contributions may be sent at any time and should bear the name, address, college and class of the sender.

No contributions will be returned unless accompanied by addressed stamped envelope. LIFE will pay at its regular rates for contributions, not prize-winners, which it accepts.

To limit the labor involved in the examination of manuscripts, the contests will be confined to undergraduate students of the following colleges:

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BRYN MAWR,
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MICHIGAN,
AMHERST,
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UNIVERSITY OF
PENNSYLVANIA,
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Second Neighbour: PLANTING SOME OF MY SEEDS, THAT'S ALL.

First Neighbour (suspiciously): H'M, THOUGHT IT LOOKED AS IF YOU WERE PLANTING ONE OF MY HENS.

Second Neighbour: WELL, THAT'S ALL RIGHT. THE SEEDS ARE INSIDE.

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